So You're Going
To DIE.

why you little
life goes
speaking of life going:
careful or its hours
late to let’s see:

achieve ok baby, but
each dumb short:
if no abbreviation wants
to continue
how could anyone

answer a grave, 'be
that as it may!', when
we all go to pieces
measly and freely
atom synonymous.

being bone, best
to get up to
is large as the ten of dogs;
alarm: average
from fend to amen.

but do i ever
learn from blood: the blue
trademark generations, in
grandsons of some apple
polisher on the board of big time,

weaving even from humiliating
defeat to history’s rumpus
room to oh, that altissimo
food fight we’ll never be
asked up to chuck at

while down in our smell
class, brought a bit of them: learn
distinguished work century and why
why may or may not
mean regret

until we meet all the cavemen waiting
for us ventriloquists in heaven:
'sorry they say
just the dummy, who gave you

an idea like that?'

from going, 'teacher
is this perfume
mine?', 'sure!'
and it's boss thought
forgot am not: tax in a bottle.

i'm told *ought to* is popular:
more than that, like tentacles
more and more before my life i'm made
sorry i haven't tried
to do more feelings.

we're a billion in dog! awfully
fluent! aligned with squished! though
i guess it's all my fault when no
feel ever seems to make me
political.

hello birthday
you are doomed to be
a procedure: half
slideshow, half
bypass flesh-coloured sad,

lurking chaperone of my own
abetted vérité: *chilly*, my
elf alias; went from *special* to *mis*
understood, *notorious*, *pickled,*
cannot love/dwell, the end.

'chapter one: ungrateful egghead
eyes the giant rats of emotion
ally crippling sincerity in
advance on fort late bloomer, won't
care who kills who.

'a note of inevit
able always, this young
go-getter of don't faces: his
rainy brochure however for
good morning.

'worshipping sleep
on it, pretending

he's stubborn but loving only
to wash his hands alone.'
ghost intestines

feel seconds
as afternoons; that
night outweighs
tomorrow and use
nothing as a joke writer.

like, what do you
call everyone here
who knows us
and has forgiven us:
i forget.

was it tentacle blood,
rumpus room,
grave, maybe, homework?
stinks of infinity as plus one?
just a minute,

i'll get it! that
caveman go-getter
dancingest of grub toss; the best
meals of my generation
sent from the roof

by professor majestic manners
captain ravenous lectures
doctor legitimate influence down on me:
an otherwise cloudy day
of bath time, perhaps forever.

cataloguing years until
one's porridge just right will wise me
as to why my childhood went
on without me: i watched it
edge out of age, people booed;

'no wait, he's hurt!' 'cool!' later
out of an ambulance
watching it run in front of me
i tried to introduce myself
and mispronounced my name.

so it went, all etched in rain: 'now, look.
this argument humiliates us both.
it was like that when i got here and yes
sometimes candles are fun
but never in public.

'and yet, fully convinced i was the head
of a cartel of metabolism,
heavy lifting ought to, earn, and romance
you ran the two of us
in a school bus off a cliff.

'but unless i say hell, you won't
remember when i mean.
so maybe it would be quicker
if i drove you
get in.'

it was only human:
bottomless with other
plans; quite dead now, its pace.
no livelihood and over
all statistically small.

smell of christmas day, four am;
knowing even now
it's already finished long before
you could answer with any confidence:
'mine!'

as housebroken as steam, its
universe my don't confuse him
diagnosis wandering:
a friend
like a body in the water.

so absolutely boring, me,
but not a big yawner,
i passed into its wet
weather rendering of the sun
day hallway of my was:

'sentiment inspector!
bones on the scale!
memories may be shameless,
soiled, spooky, everyday cruel, but

nothing too heavy in the shallow end!'

a disease of the brain
igneous with why bother, but
most of it a museum of onions i knew
as my old mummification
teacher, some million overlords since! but

'remember. . .?', i tried. 'nothing would
set the seedy defeat rights movement back more
than an unpleasant burlesque
of irrepressible youth', said
the certificate he gave me.

then there, in my childhood's rain
i read: *equating*
friendliness with wimpiness will keep you
a job-sized electric light bulb oven and then
those words slipped away for fifty years,

left epitaph, unthinkable
boss, enhance, panic, big
loss, transfusion and old
mr bargain struggle.
chapter the ounce:

each additional minute
overpowered, washed
a man doesn't know
how this happened; an absentee
ballot the legs go *shh*

as a great,non-negotiable,
foetid - bubbling liberally! -
irrigation again and again, at a *ding*
fits them into the void of a whale,
then *dong*: does rotten them back alive.

one owe guy au
gratin of oh
these grave grill millions, an
apolo
gy in passing says: 'you're posolutely

'glow in the dark tardy, get
licking those envelopes', but

then wet and he's merely contents
suffering for barf; what's
left of his life is dribbling

shipshape surplus factoids
he’ll recall from enduring doomed
monday morning ashes, in a drank hole
fat as the dictionary: employee
of the month immortality;

asking 'could we rephrase this?'
in the meeting; prestigious jesters
lunch gassy lost still at the ethical
rash conference, rigid;
breathing in building;

sold mobility ample,
pants-wearer vital,
cogs all aboard, office thoughts, 'you
betcha!', everyday but then
that monster knew me and cursed:

'you as they
alive lobbied to be
the num num in my basement,
mount bellyache; squat
left of their own! see, whale minutes

'are a century: so every
hairstyle, eyesore or pension
gazelle, cliché, institute and tetanus
booster, your world christened
is gone.

'la vie is finally *better*
luck next time: its secret
ingredient’s ever *ain’t* for this
composite of ego
and logos they've forgot

'formulated to hammer
that gaseous good one day!
isn’t it wonderful', the whale
song said:
'that i still keep them punctual?'

and at this the water’s ahoy broke
an employee sauce in one
thar she gulp. 'you, bootlick, next',
went the not fish, 'it’s time
you earn your living. . .'

'not yet', my last authentic birthdays said,
each word a feeling like the liquid
nitrogen distribution of some saturday
in ‘97 when no friend would find me
marshmallow feral on fun’s twig;

an *oh, is it only*
aftertaste freshened
hourly to church,
then six hours
of compulsive tv;

where in an interview
with a week you're told
i haven’t left the house for it:
but rocks need broke the sooner some, so
i stopped that tree fresh twitch.

though did it know
without an ow
of outdoors, i’d feel nothing?
that there’s just no teaching
a swear to its jar;

in hopes, enchanted
the first aid chart
will save your baby for you; damn
rare percent of abstain:
let’s call it a sentence,

though only this monstrous
narwhal and i
could feel it:
me as my waste
of time, and that animal the moon

that magnets its otherwise
untwistable actual. all the job
bones in its stomach were still
as my birthday inventory

emotions did excuse me:

'hush you old yodelling
submarine of back break
and blood, your spittle stand.
this dried up nursery
rhyme dump has come on my say so.

'yes to see where the contra
band bade farewell to
the chore brochure of his lifetime,
but i, divine gas-filled slide
whistle at his once: i'll learn him lonely.

'and although amount to might be
vampire syrup dismal limp
miracle for every landlord: be
fore his phrase for ageing is
a palindrome, i'm wielding

'him, this novelty oversize
bed wetting problem school sub
liminally toothless adult eight
year old vocabulary abattoir! as if
to say *sure i did it*!

i ruined his life!
but one more
step and i take
you all down
with me. just try!'

so promised in textbook bucolic
burial ground blotch, my
school days with no great
false modesty to the run out
clock parasite in the lake,

as bells once more and vomity
the dead eyed but memo distinguished
take their abuse with *howdy*
do three heart attacks, rank panel
outside interest consultant and i go

to give my hallowed kid
ideas a hand. i had been saved

from employee, where before
no champion did i owe a ladder
but find i'm alone

with all that ails me: no
little prohibit implant
of frictionless morning to thank or
that blimp in a stinkhole recipient; not
its binge purge irrigation.

just a lingering *hey* called
from the ghost store that living
tourist we tread to: so
like all heroic crybabies, i
run back to arrivederci

of grandpa, mother, teacher, tired: 'listen',
i please, 'persistent on the big boy
pizza out here you promised me, i see *guilty*
fail, hate, caved in, *done*.' 'better you learned
go hungry then', sitcoms my no thank you fairy,

that resident retirement party crooner, my
sorry can't, sleeping curator angel
of morale leakage at any
mothballing of mine; should
someone approach me slanted

with blatant huggenkiss, ask
me to go tiptoe glad around
the loud and clear deed of wildlife then
under oath answer their dinner, 'he's
allergic', she'll sigh for my privacy;

no longer only for loners or those who leave
forbidding delinquent teeth marks in
your side; even the most tireless lepers are
more sure footed in flurries
of teenager eye contact than me:

an uh flavoured wonder inoculation on
first word boycott, grown
up with a sock in it!
i remember her scraping
happily ever after from sums

one count of bury me at sea
and let x be
a snifter of a christmas
free calendar, when my friendly
oldies hello analysis said *suspect*

and every third boy seemed to hide
the ooze of unbelievable
contempt for human life in
ah, it's not for you: it's more
of a cosmic ballet idea

as they jumped sixteen blazing
school buses at the eulogy
for the more of an effort chromosome
i never had: so yes, this little
queen of turning blue to me was music

as to the empty then then
she funs for me: 'see,
he's learned hungry already, go ahead!
hotline any allegory you got, neural floozy!
your gallivanting won't see us billed!'

and at so much pushy
weenie expired baby food
busy work, the whole
elite fumes of pointless choo-choo-choose from
all the beef hearts you've yearned to be on comes:

'world hunger!',
'the very same! but
cigarettes for the few
the future wrecked through.' 'still,who
can decipher how to feel in their day

'about them style at the time evil
juicer thugs, that ambiguous
as factories own factories but *gee*:
not as nice as the other tirade!
nope! nope! nope!

'oh thar she yoinks!
the excessive present, that
anyhoo baal of electrified
april fools lesions on the brain!', so

calls my mrs coma to their clips show,

which takes us now to the year when i
flunked remedial vagrant, but
not yet rut alumnus or night
watchman at the sicko silo: my whole
class ate fancy soaps on invitation

up at dangerous additives hq;
as i not lonely at random, and since panicky
may take many forms said, 'no i was planning
to be deformed in an accident thanks, chums,
and parachuted away fickle sick but,

where before i could only imagine each
cell mate in their halloween best; crêpes
of outrageous orange blue slime under
the chandelier: all this delirious gimme
distinctly now i see;

everyone i worried
into enemies, as real
and as nowhere near me
as help. her *buzz off* vent
riloquism is hopeless,

if i’m not referred to
and since their laughing has been
painted to resemble some religion
isn't it hymn i never started my stain on,
i can’t audition *don’t,* join the group or get heard.

and no, there is no law against
mailing my foiled parole to this
ice cream ville honeymoon their prayers meet:
since not even wet do they least suspect
they’ll once be sunk to writing.

and worse, in this exact
extra chewy replica nothing hinges
on my missing and no one's chairing
a poke into the name of my meltdown:
just perfectly silly children.

at most
serious, 'woof', 'is poo

poo one word or two?', who
wants to turn and look
at what i'm reduced to,

a vision in iou,
when they've colourful
goop then the gift shop!
so having no poses of no, i try
'why?' on the ghoulish gallery

of meats in my
studied done for menu
mishap stew and its non
committal ghost blanket gravy: 'why
pledge this pace forever? why my serum

years of shaky fathering; soiled
doormat chronic rage test
imonies inner? why did the perfect
marriage of personality dis
order and credentials

never form a tight seal around
the woe is me shaved into
the back of my head? why *aha*
then why at me: *eww*? why always
seize him remorse?' except,

while i fear to pronounce it. . .
blurry, yes . . . one narrower
buzzing *bravo* and a worried
energy of camaraderie at
painted on exit miserable me.

so i throw a 'yes?' squarely
at their gleam of fleeing;
finally: 'well, sir, that's not
something you see
in the toilet every day!',

pointing a sniff to my heir
loom, 'that little magic
lady, all radiant; considering
the consequences of handshake
ointment; pining

'for the fingerprints on this rickety
ladder over our mousetrap; us:
the entire cast of tv's
no cured loser
impaled on you sir!

'but listen: i'd blow the whistle to nail
the filth emitting footage from
your fall, if faraway dot me
got adequately heated, sir,
with hummingbird her.'

so 'uh', i answer clammy,
'she's only the goddess of every
mortified no in
my personal correspondence! what
eggshell thin doll embodies you?'

'see there's the trudge sir; i'd god
a nice no buzz! we're not
inanimate and in these
ceremonies of *who even*
cares i'm a mandatory compadre!

'in fact, to bash a more alarm
ist name on it: those goofballs
the us messiah gets hepped up on
are *crippled*, *well yeah*,
endure, *professional* and *then*.'

'but if', i whoa, ' - and before
i attaboy my well ventilated
shove it amen into your refuge - if
this habitat of simulated
humiliate me is a factory: who's its head?'

'well sir. . .', they lobby at the graven
image of my inevitable
alone reap her wings now
successfully deprogrammed
into a mighty hump of - 'um it's . . .'

each moment, private or people
of my boy years; the pureed
spoilage trajectory, i'd, yes,
crawled behind to barely

here in the first place; the one

prevailed the whale, says 'now, no
magic giving up witness to slip you
the courage to inflict
ever mortgaging prison on
your lifetime: all yours

'alone, you cynical x ray
machine, you demeaning memo
randum hand drawn on
companionship: more time
to read things you find on the ground eh?

'oh that ping sound, why only
the slow socratic museums quality
rage i've been choking on
at last taking its target:
the lab fee for me your young ruined

budgeted-for corpse, yet hardly
seventeen of summer! now you know
you've no stow away cherub blob to help with
the collective work of wussier refusal:
try refreshing *away* with only your brain!'

and so til pencils down said brain auditions
a wow it was really me, going *i'll never*
be happy as means to *see-ya*, within earshot
of *a they're more scared of you than you them*:
me! my own pirate queen! quieted with 'sir?

'sir, can you identify this *ditto,* sir?
give me some sign that you're awake.'
as they proceed to prying wobble me raised
'sir, you tried so hard, sir, to get
detached from here, that feel: a blown gasket!

'see sir here no preachy bird feeder off
parent's island could sinner us
into some grown up's newspaper figure
of speech! damned, we constantly mop
the exit of our elders; diagram guts.

'oh the nobel prize for woes, us:
railroaded to heap

cartoon compost so some my
opic mid-sized bigfoot uncle like you
gets to enemy his dementia.

'yes we the winter care
taker of history, ritual; haggis
of teacher, time and hedge maze; we'd be
happier as ghosts, but well, the zoos
didn't do for the dinosaurs - sir, speak!'

'for i am whom?
so plausible you hate
era and everything in it.
banned replica
of me i told the commode on,

'alphabetically in this un
possible memorial auditorium
of hope chewed and wasted out:
compensate! my favourite
whistle: *actually hugs make no sense.*

'oh pejorative marshmallow children
i ask you earthly nicely not
to mangle the one event i want:
to learn i've no friend in this world.' then
their hollowed-out coordinator says, 'sir,

'sarcophagus calibre
we are sure, but
you're the ufo by our window
no more! ingrate not
this getaway music in reverse!

life's rich clank karaoke, sir!
you're a baby then flailing
cog pronto;
incognito; the can't
advantage to your prank childhood.'

'well in my bloodstream
conspiracy has been
happening to me all my life, yes:
sorry dug up, the member
ship i never took.

'doomed umbilical;
incorrect hello; intricate
tantrum; any minute abstract
gratitude upwards for *can't talk*.
what we genetics, bowling fresh from this?'

'we applaud you hogging doomsday, sir,
with nigh on einstein reason; still
welcome to our shelter: all the fun
of imminent smithereens; curse you,
sir, but do try *aye*.'

as the eyeballs in the room then
pretty big wheel to see how
i scum, to just watch some dowager
eating the first of my sentence: 'did we
memorise *squirm* children?'

'ah, it's time for knifey/spoony, sir! we learn
the rules of damage from mere tiff, in
fatuation fizzled, nuisance, yanks to
bloody awful bootable other people;
we're taunting our endorphins today!'

as orderly on the floor they
manner out rude the miracle
glimpse of that gorgeously envelope; i,
fairy queen of belly fire no more,
bravissimo their recital in a dog voice, but:

'you in the least already
dead: i do not allow
tourists!' so ogre on her
reprehensible belching behalf
am buckled and stricken an actor

in the jerked around dirt of my own
cautionary example, one more
fabled flailing heckling beast of yore:
a two headed wedding of botulism and jim
carrey on the body of a rabbit.

so a reveille or million go by in training
the wardrobe whole of human hell when finally
her voice no evening demon now but santa's
girlfriend adorable: 'children! dinner!' then down

a chute a rare blue macaroni;

posturing much needed
roughage, inks, since
syllabi fumes brittle (very
little meat in our gym mats!) but not
one gut stoops to obey it!

though their insides' *no means*
no rots lonely,
chewable remnants they don't with
further ado: 'if you die, won't teach
er be held wicked accountable?'

'who, sir? oh it was you! for the years, sir,
just done, we mirrored your grave?
rolling adrenaline hams! have any
badge size you like: mayor or mother!
puny in duty, not made for padding,

'crummy roman numeral movie numerous
that's us, forever: *wage*, *war*, grow
smarter stupider hungry, *ages* mean nothing
to we wet cement stonehenge, sir,
for your tutoring .

'just rank boneyard monuments
to form chums; intercom one way! but, sir
to approve as precisely this slop say,
it's as fiendish as in its fruition:
no holiday hooting would sound so huzzah!'

two sins consumed me then with a non
slanderous and dedicated *ick*: i
indeed had been their madonna mentor
of ouch and of course, no cartoonish
plenty had known my mouth's whereabouts.

so how to correct this candle held
orphan owned and old imitation
birthday party gorge guarantee for
its spelling?, when youngster, i'd the shtick
of a smelly application form *shouldn't have*

and hurt worked up to bedtime like
lettuce separate from dracula

fangs on a grown man, did tsk tsk fuss
the towel from my own dehydrated
baby water flub: 'it was unflavoured',

i lie to them, though who could hymn
fresh memories from a forehead swell
stink lines as mine! 'uh, thanks for the derelict
divulge sir', does one chum then uppity ahoy,
'we've no need of windex for your tell hell.

'we've heard stomachs boast
a diagnosis of beef less
obvious than this orphanage open
dialogue forged by mother
goose yourself, sir: we don't swallow.'

'why you mascots of reincarnated yuck!
testaments to compost mortem! what huge
advanced degree in flashback glories your wall,
that you've acquired my footprint better
standing here doomed? you were never there!'

'desperate callisthenics sir, this
juggler's despair of a protest.
your underweight and undisciplined
injured on the job gastropod agency
never ate around here but us see -

'muddy out the manual; wedding of job,
vicariously reminisce and turbine - we are
the apogee of not just germs
sculpted to bug you, sir, but the misjudged
friends of every dummy with a tombstone.

'look, sir!' a strict headache of faces,
where a word hole i'd droning known'd
blurp urgent from hoary flattery for the local
marmalade of my lately to blindly, mainly,
slobstacle contestants i'd not esteemed;

magical, then sarcastic faces, estranged;
pestering hanger on long prehistoric,
tangible murder musical comedy shivering
mutant memorial showcase overlords all!
animated oops on each like helmet scenes!

and then i enter my name in
its tornado thereby
leaving the bonestorm victim
less, a living
snow mirror: the subsidiary me;

my useless physique
inflammatory parallel in an end quote
leprechaun generalisation roast, like home
work to trademark me worst and all my lips
chant their motto at me: 'no thanks!'

me, the new moot king
of our neighbourhood and pronto
the artificial alike smart alecky cadre
are swarming bored - ah my former forte!
virtually inaccessible to begin with;

in inches, the impression of an alcove;
some unspoken locker, *gosh*:
is it opulent or knock offs? then i'm
reptile eggs, alleged guest,
halloween complacent;

so condolences incessant
ghosts garnish with him, a
professional avoision mask: no ago, no
infringing on the continued, just
a stipulated passing.

these pioneers in me then, this
brought jurisdiction of dust,
are hollering a *gotcha* so cromulent,
it embiggens even library best requests:
'hear ye historians, my evillest hurting!'

do as one the now desiccated
recently of cirrhosis rascals repeat.
'you'll cease', i yell, 'or else wither
at ahoy paint from a moistening
burp cube breakfast pitched brutal

at the weird uncle skeleton hearsay
logo oaf sewer coast fresh on
your bootleg head tuned into me; too
dle-oo you poorly jubilee door knob

to my gotta going ghost riddance!'

a squelch then dogged my paws and in
the not too distant future, its remains
are co-star problemo frog leather cuisine:
served in the lungs of every ape of me
from chimpan-a to lazy chimpan-z

yes i wad, bam
to a 'hot damn!
encore, sir!' more rowdy
purple gore rodeo
going diablo

at each and every localised aurora
borealis fashioned across the failure
of their sinful me melt; i therefore
howdy out a transaction in luncheon:
'any crud from your direction's welcome!'

and so, posthaste, no schoolhouse
washcloth hush bossed around
the fightingest could interrupt the strut
of our intricate oatmeal master
pieces invented jettison on the tomb

that's trapped these children being
before life's afternoon is
bearlike hairy queer; its
sentimonies ain't but gracefully,
paycheck: phoned ahead to farewell.

this universe: just the latest
releases by bleak in perpetuity; no
worldview, future, appetite - only
karma's iron comma
safari-ing home.

there, see, the dignity of nothing
but perfect attendance and now
friends i'd never meant
to have! rotten jealous mean
crustacean me!

yes, in every unsold autobiography,
a routine soul smear confirmed:

sick misfit; solitary of attic - now, silly!
with *all-together* electricity soft,
in a city of my own face we built with goo.

its nuclear maple nouns nicer -
not cursive! - a jungle complex
and carefully blooming, bluffing men
agerie in cream across
lifelong the walls.

no nostalgia damages
its arrangement or orphans -
future's pugilist! - this fustigate
of cupcake into organised life.
would never have been my present

for every autumn day left
continuously beautiful
but cooped up, the suckiest
portion of my blood's season
pass: debutante and bluer

but now i'm the helm, nominee
of scale-model imperial millions
of me, hell, indeed, the whole loyal
clientele of my outrage or denial!
too, anyone that time's nope has stopped,

i can borrow a feeling of and draw
on a yoink, trough their treasure; have it;
a navigated glaze noisily comic
strip egged to life in quick sludge: i
pronounce it so vested no poorness

but theirs; the cold hard process of
their auto-dialer fate: never wearing
the culprit in them that we chiefs call *me*. oh,
my admired riddle! why, no whale would
think to ever kiss them and so

after i've asked them for eerily
creamed animals, people, even a manger -
done finger by my suggesting jesus himself - after
this infinite hum of southpawing past folks
have gilded my paradise: 'now, tell me

my patients, my pupils, your pyramid
sunrise and sunset, and please
gussy not your speak with fear’s scissors,
say it as me: why the inner other faces?
if this place is made from my memory?'

'we’ll tell me. it’s time,
that’s in our fine stitching,
time blurred our true birthday and time
left us as lava, so any
healthy self glow has to shoo.'

'but no, so', i say, 'this my world here
is only a franchise and each
subject of mine just a nudging
portfolio iffy! i won’t be
investing if i am *your business*!'

'sir, please: it is me that we’ll follow;
we the lowliest bloated museum
to debt wisely pharoah you us; no
others at imbecile festival in our
carcass unless you will it!

'you the maestro of treacle cutting countless
and cordless grim sage of no neighbour;
who taught to his blood the trick of when
to turn tail and run; no parody you of a minimum
wage employer our lord i, but a miracle.'

'so wise was i then to solicit', i say,
'my mirror in you for the drama
turgical dyad, you tad
cerberus but rotisserie sort of
children: let’s *whose hell* and leave here!

'construe for me a majeure in
the amen way: i’m demanding
my patented boo hoo slap on
retirement fund; your graphics: the best
drawing of a toilet!

'for i have seen, your god,
one touché to its fermented
orange shampoo plunger, yes, shall versa
first into a spin and soon, safely, the collapse

of our reinforced penitentiary concrete!'

so my sermon concludes, an entire menu
of ice cream rot pressure until: officially
it's outhouse and all us
finale affiliated militants are thriving
at a loneliness of *go* in the wall,

as sounds busiest drizzly,
but awooga bereft,
come bowling broken to its kaboom:
'maybe me regroup, sir? i of us know
the hurt ones waiting in the other. . .

'children forbidden faces as us
orbit portentous scenes
of playhouse magician party public
school home humiliation: uproar, sir
to interrupt their tawdry rehearsing.'

'verb me no more you hardbound
herd fraud dogs! at my order
their corporate logo will freeze
crowning achievement on me: no
recollection or occupation but mine!'

'and of course your enchanting musk, sir! still,
these creatures were born for the gutless
useless doomed shrieking and foreclosed on;
to recycle, sir, the saga filth of nobodies?
what of the integrity of our empire?'

'vamoose your hooligan fumes! to whom
are introduced these auspices of *our*? this aisle
between i and you, inhuman, will never be
recarpeted for flock! so, inasmuch,
i've chosen my own moreover: *behind me*!

then into the long meantime we go,
received like an agonising voltage,
by room after model room of obsolete
tykes abandoned to being: 'it boggles, when
did they last have a perfect life to chew on?'

but my own skulls won't say and so instead
i watch my name make no real *mon ami*

endorsement, just a dumbest ding on cataracts
the others ought to see through; finally: 'why
can’t they change for me like all of you?'

'with time they could, but, sir . . .' 'you didn’t
play with these barbaric
hourglass maggots?', argument comes
from the years of proficient friend
killing that made a jail of me before.

this lateness of my baby pictures goes on:
'i put you here to demonstrate and end, yes,
you designated taste bud cheapskate, speaking
your brain’s subscription to its any
excuse to leave instalment plan - only

'you *played* instead of reciting your last
no to become that funeral flavoured scraping
time serves as food here! if these weeds
seemed to care or listen, understand
they’re only using you to grow through me.'

with nonstop screams of teeth then
my audience molten group
crudely into one meathead; its
body a slug and unguents grown to worms -
and divorce my disastrous childhood from its lungs

wallowing in its senseless green mess eating
with their humongous gruelling wild legs
until all its mistakes and accusations
are eliminated, processed and boneless
on the floor, shaped - a worry free fudge.

now no longer accessory, i, to the suffocate
autographs of that pushy institution:
'if those in game internment find
their exits, wax kitchen: your king
will determine this me yoink your dinner!'

this results in quit, no face just
frenetic disgrace
in every personal area to become
lethally of my gravy and good lard-laden
at last, in our doughy protection, thus: 'shush,

'you are nothing
more than humiliating
furniture. disappointed
auctioneer, i leave you
to your dust.'

and so over the bogus -
once tyrannosaurus, now bust
from cuts strictly scofflaw and un
medical - extent of my
childish amnesia. i feel no sting,

as now resistant to realise, up in
to time's estate we whole. its prestigious
blazer room library bowling alley - at last,
the pantry central coveted table seized
for answering to the guts of my animals!

now no more one bloody head to choke on
devastated medicine, but miracle: all real
boys out to vitamin their hearts out!
mob greedy for man dinner that ain't
there for shabby display - only,

when beef has come in unholy
mayhem to gum and them
dome rhyme with sugar dyeing: no
dreamy communication in thick bona
fides of full, no exhale of human breath

and so no souls to be
shame beaten, mushed
into where window they'd wink if
the groove of age would uh oh them out; no,
not even to be transient skeleton spare!

but such gruel rearranging of surrender
that i, editorial bastard, though big leader,
markup for easy *ew* and *oh who cares* - gets neg
atory a trillion lowly failed self chants, so: 'no, to
time's rumpus room, your loopholes guaranteed!

'where bone you will and no more
an oozing fictional butler to being build'st
precedent and tomorrow heart
odour order tender smile and why!,

actually real salvation native to you!' so accused

into hope by this, only my last
excuse for an overdue running then away,
do these acres now of dictionary *eh?*
for *half alive/nothing*, creeps in guess grease, who
followed me here with church shoes ask, 'how

could *you*, sir,
understand time?
your *no* being so broken
by it?' 'exactly', i lie,
'i knew all along

'the recipe for a sloppy
apology long and nuisance at best
childish none of your business minus
pointless then vanished life! professor
quit liberty, doctor downhill, bake it for you!'

but for the love of the doorway, their *where?!*
is severed from an answer; too, my *why*
gets its low battery *whatever*:
too pendulum my command of these ghosts
to schedule their me spree real playdate!

but they're all due a death since
they took my sucking kiddo:
broke its morally thereby little parasol
in the hosing down of been and come, gave
a bayonet to the question of core *no*;

so therefore how *uh* that i with
an ironed truncheon certificate in
why bother, must incur their intrepid
relentless lad miscarriagement
just to bribe it: *smell here*!

and then, to monologue doggy
the head of a hobo parade; its
seeing eye nose enfeebled up
the trophy route of human tug and fog,
one i learned from carousel purists, who,

amphibious nurses of office and school, us
who've only the air and once, would

pass their gentlemen stinkables around;
us lured into uniform bone - un
til in an upstairs corridor: 'there, look!'

jar after awesome *joke's on you* jar
of time's most unclimbable bodies,
engineered in a stave off sauce and soaring
fortress insistent and guarded good
by jagged doctors - rippling arms with mouths -

which fetch, with wondering suction,
novelties of exquisite skunk from these once
in a lifetime spines of limousine
or chariot charged artefacts and file them:
a humbling prescription for the poor alike, us.

yes, so serious at this vacuum safekeeping
of gilded milady intended, the smells
of column potential earned, these time's hands
only realise the leering of my miniatures
when the wee lot look to pull their lode's plug;

and even then their attention's cool ruled
by the independence in their being
adjacent to dateless cosmetics in this
perfume farm of success, saints and stay paid
accessories to its squeezing. they ask, 'why

sabotage our guaranteed
olden notables ore boys? you're heir
to the same wait long enough they are. but
they'd history dictating their hinges
when your swings at *me* might have been anyone. . .'

try i: 'my kingdom of inchworms!
unleashed at last in a godsend of play
from your decimating basement harassment,
will have their true *who* hatched or devour yes
vile all a volume of your scented victory!'

lighter each octopus doctor then, 'oh.
so you poor larval pod have for cure suffered
the lessons of who fathered you! why we're only
witnesses entering genuine;
self spawning's not in our line

and what's more: as these odours are oughtas
so’s agency in this museum forbidden;
as errors are too yes, those giant behind
the glass did just what they must and so always
have been here as we have with them.

and so, to ask, as your worthless *hmm*
camouflage seems to promise,
who brought you be praised in the first sakes,
settles for us you’ve no idea of time.
nothing here *chose* a vessel like you.'

'a choice', i attack,
'took never! i was
assigned *sick*
cower boiling guy,
mole mine ta da!

a life realised peeved
at best; vestigial ennui;
played by the horizon and then
solved by crossbones forever.
did history *need* anything in *me*?'

'if it had, you’d be here already, and you
children saddled with him. listen:
he’s forgetting his whole life
was a series of pardons he dreamed,
doomed to be not real at his next *no.*

'so steer clear teensy membrane chain friends!
you’ve a sentence more *our* ancient than *his*
tithing to troubadour urges! no decisions
enflame either of us, though your imperial weight
pulling headache’s from him. you had no chance.'

did they know?, i think. then a bloodening
of their grand bambino isotopes to ice cream;
achtung moon sized or adult at least -
then slap from their own immediately
wrinkly concavity, blame and metabolism come.

yes now is their one very body’s birthday
food fired as spree at me, their poor private tyrant,
in a screaming mess that leaves them
stump and missing and balancing unsafe.

but each piece of that sweet clay’s alive

and slapped, on a captured hercules,
my forehead or the walls,
does burn, diminish and abbreviate
a legacy to a chapter to a catchphrase, no
bullet point. it must be destroyed!

and so, seeking suction,
from the stockpile of antique smarts,
i squishy smoking go and hereby gasp
prince intestines through my peeling whole.
a lifesaver digestive, this!, i’m noble!

no mercy! do physically
the raw blazes of daylight
look laminated wannabe at me.
'infants! i am the illustrated
pronoun commanding your sentence!'

without trial, i damn them
to whale egg and time’s
doctors eavesdropping this end, as
ever in demolition exhibit eternal,
answer me no last ambulance and so,

are then pounded flat by me on
the nothing their food fight
made fire, at a piranha's pace,
until my one friend i've finished worst,
postcard sized, and i have left time.

smote yesterday, temporarily
genesis, morning, minute, embarrassing
eden crybaby grub pain and concludes,
but also - any exodusing kudos
or something to read!

'be instructions',
i tool the botched
true human masonry
in my fingers, 'act hint.
draw me the gate

'to my ahoy huge
honour: official ipecac

mascot who forced life’s
limbo mushiness up! *whew*
we’re alone now do come in!'

but no pointer wears this
rarer last of the crusts
of the orphanage absurd
friend itch i clutch: 'oh!
of course, it must be made to

'speak me!
only our less said
puppets pose in utopia!' so i
let what has remained find
melting my mouth**.**

and its *could haves* undo and burn,
purify my willing molten
whale whole a *no* now and going,
i think, though won’t ask me,
why